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OR, A

DISCOURSE ON TASTE.

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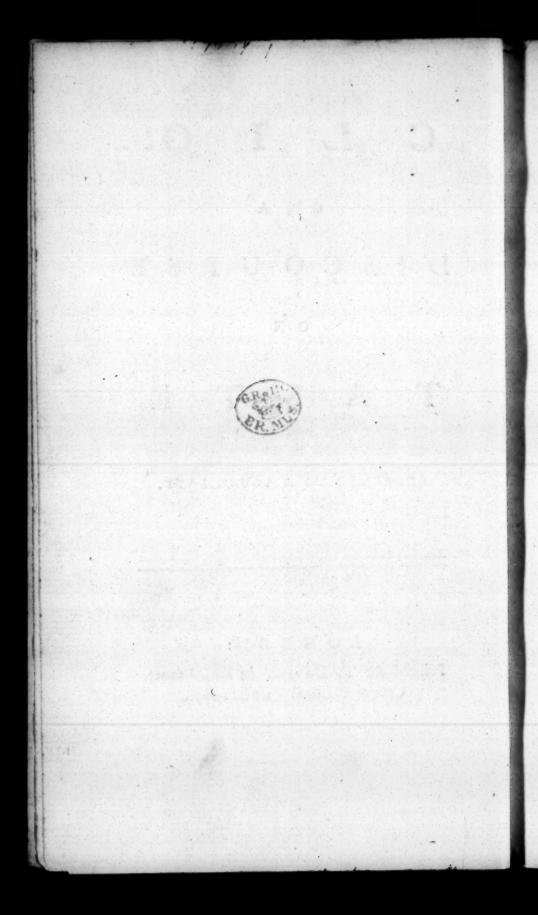
ON

T A S T E.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

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OR, A

DISCOURSE on TASTE.

MADAM,

WHEN I had the honour of drinking tea with you a few days ago, and occasionally read to you Rollin's General Reslections upon what is called Good Taste, some observations you made brought on a very lively and pleasing conversation, in which you opened so many new prospects to me upon our subject, that I had thoughts of reducing my ideas to writing while they continued fresh in my memory, and you were pleased to approve of that design. Rollin, you observed, wrote for young students, and his principal

principal view was to form a tafte for literature. You very gracefully, but in a manner I did not then perceive, led me to that taste and elegance which distinguifhes perfons politely educated, and particularly to the graces of your own fex: the transition indeed, from the beauties of writing to the elegance and propriety displayed in polished life, was not great; for the fame fimple original principles of taste are common to both. and are varied only according to characters and their fituations. It is a happy circumstance in my favour, that the subject itself, and your approbation of my attempt, confine my thoughts to you; I have no necessity, madam, of invoking a mufe to inspire me.

The taste we spoke of may be defined, at large, a clear sense of the noble, the beautiful, and the affecting, through na-

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ture and art. It distinguishes and selects. with unerring judgment, what is fine and graceful from the mean and difgufting ; and keeping a ftrict and attentive eye on nature, never neglects her but when nature herself is in disgrace.

All our species that are perfect bring the first principles of taste with them into the world. Rollin produces instances of univerfal tafte in music and painting: "A concert, fays he, that has all its parts well composed and well executed, both as to instruments and voices, pleases univerfally: but if any discord arises, any ill tone of voice be intermixed, it shall displease even those who are absolutely ignorant of music. They know not what it is that offends them, but they find fomewhat grating in it to their ears; and this proceeds from the tafte and fense of harmony implanted in them by nature. In

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like manner a fine picture charms and transports a spectator who has no idea of painting. Ask him what pleases him, and why it pleases him, and he cannot easily give an account, or specify the real reason; but natural sentiment works almost the same effect in him as art and use in persect judges."

Here you stopped me with a very subtile and confounding objection, which became much stronger by your familiar and sprightly manner of supporting it: though I did not then make a good figure in opposition to you, yet now I can venture upon paper to enforce the principle I defended. Your objection was, That whatever pleases people forms to them a true and agreeable taste; and that therefore there is no such thing as universal taste in the beautiful, the sublime, and the affecting; for that which pleases one person

person is displeasing to another: who then can pretend to judge between mankind, fince no fentence pronounced in this case can alter the tastes of men, or make that agreeable to a person which difgusts him, or the contrary? Though this objection be certainly new from you, who have yet no acquaintance with books that treat on the nature of the human mind; yet it has often been made very triumphantly by writers of the greatest reputation, and feems to require a more fatisfactory folution than has hitherto appeared.

In order to answer it, give me leave to diftinguish between those things whose propriety and tafte depend merely on the mode, and those others in which there is a real and original beauty testified by the voice of nature, if there really be any fuch. You will readily observe, that the difference between particular

fashions of dress, ceremonies, furniture, and many other things, depends upon mode or habit: an elderly lady likes a dress fhe wore in her youth, not because it is really more becoming than the prefent fashion, but because that dress bears an intimate relation to her days of joy, and brings them back to her imagination. In a thousand partialities there is not fo good a foundation for our preference, and our choice often is but flightly divided from caprice and whim: perhaps a person who was pleasing to us had fuch a fet of china, or a person we did not like, happened to wear or praise fuch a gown. When once we express a liking or aversion, so as to fix it on the memory, it remains with us, because it has been ours perhaps long after we can recollect the first cause. It cannot be doubted, madam, in all those things in which nature has given us no standard, you argue exactly right.

But are there any instances, and what are they, in which nature has formed an univerfal standard of judgment in our minds? for, as you rightly observe, it does not fignify that things appear beautiful to you or me, or to ten thousand beside; if there be any one person who has not the fame tafte from nature, they are not beautiful to him. I am, for my part, perfuaded that there is, in feveral respects, an universal standard of taste in the soul of man, which, it is true, may be deprayed or corrupted by education and habit, though it can never be wholly rooted out or stifled.

To proceed to particular instances of this natural fense: Every man who is not an idiot has a tafte for truth; the most notorious liar on earth, when taken in a falshood which he hopes to evade, shall

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convince you of his own private unalterable fense by his palliations and excuses.

The fame thing may be faid of gratitude; and though the virtue itself be rare, yet no one ever in earnest acknowledged himself to be ungrateful, or would willingly bear that imputation; which is sufficient evidence that the approbation of the virtue is universal.

The applause we yield to generosity, and our contempt of a very selfish disposition, is not less general, though there seem to be some objections. Misers have been known to praise as well as practise the most fordid parsimony, and to condemn generosity; but I believe, upon considering this matter closely, it will appear that misers, as well as others, have a sense of the merit of generosity; and find

find fault with it in others only where it affects nearly or remotely their own interests, or becomes a reproach to them: they condemn liberality where it appears to them to lavish beyond proper limits. The mifer admits the virtue equally with the generous, but his fears and fuspicions of future want make him confine it within a fmall compass: he parts with his farthing where a more generous person beflows a shilling or a guinea; yet this farthing extorted from him, is an indubitable proof that he has a fixed fense of liberality, though it be restrained by some mean and felfish considerations.

Liberty is pleasing, and confinement difguftful to every body. You can walk and breathe freely under a low cieling, what then makes you prefer a loftier chamber? What makes you, if the weather permit, like the open air best, and chuse

chuse to be bounded only by the horizon, that extends in prospect as far as the eye can reach?

Novelty also hath its charms in a thoufand instances, that wear away by familiarity.

All ages and nations have agreed to admire true wit; it is certain that witticism, pun, mimickry, and buffoonery, have very often supplied the place of it with applause; but when we consider, that all people who make use of false wit, not-withstanding admire the true and approve of it; that they put off the false wit always under some resemblance or appearance of real wit; and that those who like it are imposed upon just as men are who take counterfeit coin, because it has the same impression with good money; and when we further observe, that those very people

people who use false wit, as they improve in their taste and sense despise the false and adopt the true; and that nothing fixes them in a habit of punning and buffoonery, but an incurable stupidity, and an inability to act a higher part; we shall be obliged to confess, that true wit hath its boundaries and marks which for ever distinguish it.

I shall probably be obliged to say something of our sense of personal beauty hereafter; I shall here content myself with making the following observation: A persect beauty always holds the superiority in the esteem of every one over remarkable deformity. It is only when the degrees from deformity to beauty approach each other, or when beauties of different kinds are compared who hold nearly the same degree, that we are confused and differ in opinion. The same

confusion happens in our taste of sweet and bitter; if the sweets approach each other, we cannot readily determine: but as beauty is composed of various principles, and is more complicated, we are proportionably in greater confusion in our comparisons when the variations are not very remarkable.

Grandeur of thought, or grandeur of objects, strike us irresistibly with surprize and delight. The Grecian and Roman histories abound with splendid instances of greatness of soul; but I have no need to take you from your favourite poet Homer on this head, whose Iliad is a continued series of elevating sentiments, and of sublime images that force our admiration. Visible objects of grandeur have a similar effect: a large river that throws itself down a precipice with unceasing violence and thunder, never fails to raise a pleasing assonish-

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aftonishment in the beholders. A summer's evening sky cast over with lofty and irregular clouds, dipped in purple and gold, the ocean in storms, and a broken prospect of rocks and mountains irregularly piled, affect the mind in the same manner.

However certain what I have been just faying, may be, let us stop here, and suppose that I have been entirely mistaken; let us suppose that there are some men created without those original tastes, or having the very opposite; that there are men who have a natural taste and approbation of falsehood and ingratitude; who think a mean and sordid disposition to be meritorious; and who disesteem grandeur and generosity of soul: do you not observe, that you suppose them, by their very natures and dispositions, the most contemptible, and debased animals on earth?

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earth? Who, fay you, shall judge in this cafe, between fuch persons and ourselves, fince they have their beauty and their tafte, as well as we; and the difference is, that they judge things to be agreeable, which we judge to be the contrary. But is it not evident, madam, by the very light of fentiment, that it is not upon the judgment, or opinions, concerning them, that the merit of truth, gratitude, and generofity depend; but that they have a real value and worth in themselves, which opinion cannot alter; and that falsehood, ingratitude, and a fordid, mean temper, have a natural baseness, that opinion cannot ennoble. I know no reason for our perception of absolute eternal beauty in the virtues I have mentioned, but by supposing that the Father of being, who is eternal truth and goodness, and the original standard of grandeur and beauty, has stamped on our minds a sense of those abfolute

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folute and eternal perfections. If opinion were the real standard of sentiment, the nature of one animal could not be more noble than that of any other; yet it is certain, that if there was in the world but one man of integrity, generosity, gratitude, and a great soul, and all the rest of mankind consisted of people who had no sense of the dignity of truth, and a noble disposition, this single person would be of more worth than the whole race of man beside.

Having pointed out natural univerfal taste in several different prospects, and consequently proved, that there is such a thing in the human breast, let us proceed to a more intimate acquaintance with it.

Good taste, like the morning beam, paints in their different colours all the objects of our view, and informs us of whatever is beautiful and engaging. It

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is the inward light of univerfal beauty. In Greece, where it first shone, poetry, architecture, painting, fculpture, and music, sprung up together, the beautiful children of one birth. At that same time the men were remarkable for elevated fentiments, and the women for that elegance which gives its last lustre to beauty. The fame revolution happened in Rome; and now again the sciences revive in concert in Europe, and elegance awakes with the arts. In the ages of ignorance they all languished, and fell together. heavy, confused, and gross ornaments of the old Gothick buildings, placed without elegance or proportion (fays Rollin) were the images of the writings of the fame age.

From the uniformity of the effects, it is evident, that the principles of taste are simple and invariable. It is the same light, but the colours differ according to the

the object it falls on. The grace of every elegant person has something peculiar, but the elegance itself is the fame luftre, only varied in its shades by the character and disposition of the perfon it beautifies. A conformity of tafte also will be found in the most different productions of genius. Music inspires us like a glowing description; the statue and picture breathe the fire and passion of poetry; and you will discover the same stile and image of grandeur in Corregio that you fee in Homer.

True tafte discovers with delight, and pursues nature with a faithful passion. The graceful and the becoming are never found separated from nature and propriety. When we came to this obfervation in Rollin, you made an objection, that obliged me, in order to answer

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it, to make some reslections, which led me to approach nearer the origin of elegance than I expected. Your objection madam, was this: "If elegance be inseparable from propriety and nature, why are not the common people, who are without education, just as nature made them, the most graceful? and why does elegance reside only amongst those who are formed by art?" I could not pass over this ingenious question without an answer, and it led me to the following observations.

In the present situation of the world, the necessaries and comforts of life are procured by vast labour and hardships, which fall to the lot of the common herd of mankind in all countries; and labour requires harsh, forced, and violent motions, which therefore, along with the labour

labour, become habitual to the crowd. As this race of men walk not for pleafure, but to perform journeys, or to remove where their occasions call them, they take the advantage of bending the body forward, and of aiding the motion by a fling as they walk. Their low station, their wants and employments, give them a fordidness and ungenerofity of disposition, together with a coarseness and nakedness of expression; from whence it happens, that their motions and address are equally rude and ungraceful. But you will please to observe, that this unfeemly and dishonoured state of man, though it be in one fense natural, that is, it is the effect of the natural state of the earth and of the feafons; yet that it befel man on that fatal day which condemned him to labour, to want, and mifery; when the earth was laid waste, and ordered to produce only to the in-C 2 dustrious

dustrious husbandman; and that the real nature of man, when the reins are thrown loofe, takes a loftier flight. Observe the few in a higher station. who by their fortunes are difengaged from wretchedness and poverty, and who are at liberty to follow the bent of the human genius. You fee their tafte foon diffinguish them from the crowd, and affume a more elevated character. They discover a thousand beauties in the creation which the vulgar know nothing of, and elegance and decency make their appearance in the human state.

It is observable then, that abject meanness and rudeness are the iffue of hardship and want, but not of the human difpofition or frame of mind; on the contrary, the moment man is released from the violence and mifery that oppress him,

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that his real nature takes the lead, and his tafte assumes its honest right, it covers him with decent elegance; it gives him a dignity worthy of the fovereign of earth, air, and waters; it wraps him in the golden visions of poetry and music, and charms him with the new ideas of beauty and grandeur. Though this latter be a state of improvement, yet we feel plainly, that it is an improvement to which the foul itself tends when its fetters are cast off: and that taste is like a guide, who having found us a-ftray upon a barren heath, leads us home to nature and propriety, where a thousand domeffic beauties attend us.

Elegance, the most undoubted offspring and visible image of sine taste, the moment it appears, is universally admired: men disagree about the other

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constituent parts of beauty, but they all unite without hesitation to acknowledge the power of elegance.

The general opinion is, that this most conspicuous part of beauty, that is perceived and acknowledged by every body, is yet utterly inexplicable, and retires from our fearch when we would difcover what it is. Where shall I find the secret retreat of the graces, to explain to me the elegance they dictate, and to paint in visible colours the fugitive and varying enchantment that hovers round a graceful person, yet leaves us for ever in agreeable fuspence and confusion? I need not seek for them, madam; the graces are but emblems of the human mind, in its lovelieft appearances; and while I write for you, it is impossible not to feel their influence.

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Personal Elegance, for that is the object of our present enquiry, may be defined the image and reflection of the grandeur and beauty of the invisible soul. Grandeur and beauty in the soul itself, are not objects of sense; colours cannot paint them, but they diffuse inexpressible loveliness over the person.

When two or more passions or sentiments unite, they are not so readily distinguished, as if they had appeared separate; however, it is easy to observe, that the complacency and admiration we feel in the presence of elegant persons, is made up of respect and affection; and that we are disappointed when we see such persons act a base or indecent part. These symptoms plainly shew, that personal elegance appears to us to be the image and reslection of an elevated and beautiful mind. In some characters, the grandeur

deur of foul is predominant; in whom beauty is majestick and awful. In this stile is mis F In other characters, a foft and attracting grace is more confpicuous: this latter kind is more pleafing, for an obvious reason. But elegance cannot exist in either alone, without a mixture of the other; for majesty without the beautiful would be haughty and difgusting; and easy accessible beauty without decorum would lose the idea of elegance, and become an object of contempt.

You may ask me, why the grandeur and beauty of the foul charm univerfally? They charm univerfally, but from very different causes. Elevation of soul, as I before observed, seems wholly buried and oppressed under wretchedness, in the unimproved flate of man, while he is struggling with want and misery; but when

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when he disengages himself, and the elevation of the human genius appears openly, we view with secret joy, and delightful amazement, the sure evidence and pledge of our dignity: the mind catches sire by a train that lies within itself, and expands with conscious pride and merit, like a generous youth over the images of his country's heroes. But the beautiful and engaging character is made up of complacency, good-nature, and the other gentle passions which give an easy attracting delight, and win our affections by yielding us a flattering superiority.

Personal elegance or grace is a fugitive lustre, that never settles in any part of the body; you see it glance and disappear in the seatures and motions of a graceful person; it strikes your view; it shines like an exhalation; but the moment you follow it, the wandering same

vanishes, and immediately lights up in fomething else: you may as well think of fixing the pleafing delufion of your dreams, or the colours of a dissolving rainbow.

You have arisen early at times, in the fummer feafon, to take the advantage of the cool of the morning, to ride abroad. Let us suppose you have mistaken an hour or two, and just got out a few minutes before the rifing of the fun. You fee the fields and woods, that lay the night before in obscurity, attiring themselves in beauty and verdure; you fee a profusion of brilliants shining in the dew; you fee the stream admitting the light into its pure bosom; and you hear the birds, who are awakened by a rapture that comes upon them from the morning. If the eastern sky be clear, you see it glow with the promise of a slame that has not

yet appeared; and if it be overcast with clouds, you see those clouds stained by a bright red, bordered with gold or silver, that by the changes appear volatile, and ready to vanish. How various and beautiful are those appearances, which are not the sun, but the distant effects of it over different objects! In like manner the soul slings inexpressible charms over the human person and actions; but then the cause is less known, because the soul for ever shines behind a cloud, and is always retired from our senses.

You conceive why elegance is of a fugitive nature, and exists chiefly in motion: as it is communicated by the principle of action that governs the whole person, it is found over the whole body, and is fixed no where. The curious eye with eagerness pursues the wandering beauty, which it sees with surprize at

every turn, but is never able to overtake. It is a waving flame, that like the reflection of the fun from water never fettles; it glances on you in every motion and disposition of the body; its different powers through attitude and motion seem to be collected in dancing, wherein it plays over the arms, the legs, the breast, the neck, and in short the whole frame: but if grace has any fixed throne, it is in the face, the residence of the soul, where you think a thousand times it is just issuing into view.

Elegance assumes to itself an empire equal to that of the soul; it rules and inspires every part of the body, and makes use of all the human powers; but it particularly takes the passions under its charge and direction, and turns them into a kind of artillery, with which it does infinite execution.

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The passions that are favourites with the graces are modesty, goodnature, particularly when it is heightened by a fmall colouring of affection into fweetness, and that fine languor which feems to be formed of a mixture of still joy and hope. Surprize, shame, and even grief and anger have appeared pleafing under proper reftrictions; for it must be observed, that all excess is shocking and disagreeable, and that even the most pleasing passions appear to most advantage when the tincture they cast over the countenance is enfeebled and gentle. The passions that are enemies to the graces are impudence, affectation, strong and harsh degrees of pride, malice, and aufterity.

There is an union of the fine passions, but so delicate that you cannot conceive any one of them separate from the rest, called sensibility, which is requisite in an elegant

elegant deportment; it chiefly resides in the eye, which is indeed the seat of the passions.

I have spoken of the passions only as they are subservient to grace, which is the object of our present attention. The face is the mother-country, if I may call it fo, or the habitation of grace; and it visits the other parts of the body only as distant provinces, with some little partiality to the neck, and the fine basis that supports it; but the countenance is the very palace in which it takes up its refidence; it is there it revels through its various apartments; you fee it wrapped in clouded majesty upon the brow; you difcover it about the lips hardly rifing to a fmile, and vanishing in a moment, when it is rather perceived than feen; and then, by the most engaging viciflitudes, it enlivens, diffolves, and flames in the eye.

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You have, I suppose, all along observed, that I am not treating of beauty. which depends on a variety of principles, but of that elegance which is the effect of a delicate and awakened tafte, and in every kind of form is the enchantment that attracts and pleases universally, even without the affistance of any other charm; whereas without it no degree of beauty is charming. You have undoubtedly feen women lovely without much beauty, and handsome without being lovely; it is gracefulness causes this variation, and throws a luftre over difagreeable features, as the fun paints a showery cloud with the colours of the rainbow.

I before remarked, that the grace of every elegant person is varied agreeable to the character and disposition of the person it beautifies; I am sensible you readily conceive the reason. Elegance is the natural habit and image of the soul beam-

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ing forth in action; it must therefore correspond with the peculiar seatures, air, and disposition of the person; it must arise from nature, and slow with ease, and a propriety that distinguishes it. The imitation of any particular person, however graceful, is dangerous, lest the affectation appear; but the unstudied elegance of nature is acquired by the example and conversation of several elegant persons of different characters.

It is also because elegance is the reflection of the soul appearing in action, that good statues, and pictures drawn from life, are laid before the eye in motion. If you look at the old Gothic churches built in barbarous ages, you will see the statues reared up dead and inanimate against the walls.

I faid, at the beginning of this little discourse, that the beauty of dress results from

from mode or fashion, and it certainly does fo in a great measure; but I must limit that affertion by the following obfervation, that there is also a real beauty in attire that does not depend on the mode: those robes which leave the whole person at liberty in its motions, and that give to the imagination the natural proportions and fymmetry of the body, are always more becoming than fuch as restrain any part of the body, or in which it is lost or disfigured. You may easily imagine how a pair of flays laced tightly about the Minerva we admired, would oppress the sublime beauty of her comportment and figure. Since persons of rank cannot chuse their own dress, but must run along with the present fashion, the fecret of dreffing gracefully must confift in the flender variations that cannot be observed to desert the fashion, and yet approach nigher to the complexion and import of the countenance, and that at

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the fame time allows to the whole body the greatest possible freedom, ease, and imagery: by imagery I mean, that as a good painter will shew the effect of the muscles that do not appear to the eye, so a person skilful in dress will display the elegance of the form, though it be covered and out of view. As the tafte of dress approaches to perfection all art disappears, and it feems the effect of negligence and instinctive inattention: for this reason its beauties arise from the manner and general air rather than from the richness, which last, when it becomes too gross and oppressive, destroys the elegance. A brilliancy and parade in dress is therefore the infallible fign of a bad tafte, that in this contraband manner endeavours to make amends for the want of true elegance, and bears a relation to the heaps of ornament that encumbered the Gothic build-Apelles observing an Helen paint-

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ed by one of his scholars, that was overcharged with a rich dress, "I find, young man, said he, not being able to paint her beautiful, you have made her fine."

Harsh and violent motions are always unbecoming. Milton attributes the same kind of motion to his angels that the Heathens did to their deities, soft sliding without step. It is impossible to preserve the attractions in a country-dance that attend on a minuet; as the step quickens, the most delicate of the graces retire. The rule holds universally through all action, whether quick or slow; it should always partake of the same polished and softened motion, particularly in the transitions of the countenance, where the genius of the person seems to hover and reside.

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The degrees run very high upon the scale of elegance, and probably few have arrived near the highest pitch; but it is certain, that the idea of furprifing beauty that was familiar in Greece, has been hardly conceived by the moderns: many of their statues remain the objects of our admiration, but wholly fuperior to imitation; their pictures that have funk in the wreck of time, appear in the descriptions made of them to have equal imagination with the statues; and their poetry abounds with the same coelestial imagery. But what puts this matter out of doubt is, that their celebrated beauties were the models of their artists; and it is known, that the elegancies of Thais and Phryne were copied by the famous painters of Greece, and configned to canvass and marble to aftonish and charm distant ages.

I have dwelt on personal elegance, because the ideas and principles in this part of good tafte are more familiar and natural to you. We may then take them for a foundation, fince the fame principles of unaffected justness, the same easy grace and fimple grandeur will animate our thoughts, and dispose of them in our writings, like the lights and shades of nature, with a careless propriety, and will enlighten our judgments in literature, in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

Fine writing is but an easy picture of nature, as it rifes to view upon the imagination. It is the expression of our first thoughts, or at least of what ought to be so; and we are surprised in the most celebrated writings, to find that they are wholly familiar to us, and feem to be exactly what we ourselves think and would fay; and bad writers feem to have been un-

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der some restraint, that put them out of the track that lay fo directly before them. Would you not then think, that fine writing fhould be very common? But I must pray you to recollect, that elegance, though it confifts chiefly in propriety and ease, yet is attained by very few. I have already intimated the reason: true taste and fentiment lie deep in the mind; and it requires vast judgment to bring the beauteous ore to light, and to refine it. I should not be impartial and candid, if I had not owned to you that learning, in much the greater part of mankind, difforts the genius as much as laced flays do the body; oppresses the natural feeds of propriety and beauty in the imagination; and renders men ever incapable of writing or even thinking well. When you except a few men of distinguished talents, ladies both write and speak better than scholars. If you ask me the reason of this, I must inform

form you, that the easy and natural excursions of the imagination are seldom checked in ladies; while the enflaved pupils of colleges and schools in tender youth are forced into aukward imitations, often without being directed by persons of tafte, and the mind unmercifully fwaddled in prejudices and regular impertinences that diffort it for life. The manner of the ancient schools was to learn by fuch familiar conversations as you have at times engaged in; by which means, instead of forcing a most nauseous draught of learning upon youth, their genius was charmed forth by curiofity and emulation; the latent powers of the mind were gently unbound; and the generous ardor and pleasure that run originally through their enquiries, gave a warmth and natural beauty to their ideas. There is a truth which I would strongly inculcate, and which is intimated through this little discourse; it

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is, that most people have more light, judgment, and genius latent within their breasts by far than they are able to draw forth or employ; that the utmost skill and address is requisite to tune those sine strings of the soul, if I may call them so, and bring into execution the harmony they are capable of; and that the perfection of those powers, whatever they be, is the highest degree of improvement to which any person's genius can attain.

Letters of business, of compliment, and friendship, form generally the compass of a lady's writing; for which, perhaps, the best rule that can be given is to neglect all rules. The same unaffected grace and propriety which animate your actions and conversation, cannot fail to charm universally upon paper: when your stile has taken the samiliar turn and easy spirit of your words, and rejected the air of premeditation that steals in upon study, then will

will it be agreeable beyond imagination. Turns of wit and compliment that come without being fought for are very pleafing, but they ought to be such as might pass with grace in conversation.

There are a kind of charms that appear in writing fo obvious, and fo feemingly easy, that it is matter of surprize how the crowd of modern writers miss of them: I mean, the distinct picturing, the form, and attitude of our ideas, transferred to our descriptions, so as to form landscapes and images upon the imagination. We perceive every object in nature in fome determinate form and manner: whence it is that the mind conceives a lively picture of what the eye beholds: Why should not our words then place objects in the natural perspective as we berceive them? Great writers always paint their thoughts, and make them objects

jects of the imagination. You fee Homer's heroes perpetually in action before you; as you traverse his fields of battle, you every moment change the scene; when you begin to read him, you find yourfelf infenfibly taken by the hand, and led wherever he has a mind to fix your view. Shakespear's characters have invariably the fame propriety and peculiarit, which engages our attention to run along with him even in his abfurdities and fictions. Almost every fentence through Milton's poetic works is a picture. This fimple and animated expreffion is the very characteristic of the ancients; but it is not by any means confined to grave and important subjects: the most familiar ideas are equally capable of the lively air and mien of nature. A flowing eafy dress and attitude, and light softened colouring, are as becoming and beautiful over a lady's thoughts in her letters, as

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more fludied and laboured painting in the composition of philosophers.

I am going, madam, to dictate to ladies with an air of decision which I have no where else assumed, because the sentiment is yours; and indeed it may be eaftly diffinguished by the delicacy. You remember the difgust you expressed at the affectation of learning in your own fex : I will venture to unfold your thought, but you must not expect the same grace with which it fell from your lips.

A lady should rather appear to think well than to fpeak well of books; she may shew the engaging light that good tafte and fenfibility always diffuse over conversation; she may give instances of her fense of great and affecting pasfages, because they display the fineness of her imagination, or the goodness of her

heart :

heart; but all criticism beyond this sits as awkwardly upon her as her grandfather's large spectacles. I would by all means have a lady know more than she displays, because it gives her unaffected powers in discourse, for the same reason that a person's efforts are easy and firm, when his action requires not his full strength. She should have an acquaintance with the fine arts, because they enrich and beautify the imagination; but she should carefully keep them out of view in the shape of learning, and let them run through the eafy happy vein of unpremeditated thought: for this reason she should never use nor even understand the terms of art: the gentlemen will occasionally explain them to her. I knew a lady of vast address who when a term of art came to be mentioned, always turned to the gentleman fhe had a mind to compliment, and with uncommon grace asked him the meaning of it; by by this means she gave men the air of superiority they like so well, while she held them in chains. No humour can be more delicate than this, which plays upon the tyrant, who requires an acknowledged superiority of sense as well as power, from the weaker sex.

It is not uncommon to find ladies paint finely in conversation in the careless current of their thoughts; and, indeed, the vivacity and delicacy of imagination peculiar to your sex, seem to have put this kind of charm peculiarly in your hands. The highest part of the imagery of expression is that which discloses the human sentiments, and gently touches the secret springs and passions of the soul. There is a sensibility that engages the attention even on the most trisling subjects; but when sensibility concurs with an obliging turn of mind, and an intimate knowledge

of the human heart in the same person, they form the Syren character that sports securely with hearts, and pleases even while it destroys.

A free and eafy proportion united with fimplicity, feem to constitute the elegance of form in building. A graceful person gives us in the human form, an idea of this beauteous and liberal regularity. In the proportions of a noble edifice, you see the same image of an easy mafter-hand, which instantly strikes us, though we be hardly able to describe it. The evident uniformity of the rotunda, and its unparalleled fimplicity, are probably the fources of its superior beauty. When we look up at the vaulted roof, that feems to rest upon our horizon, we are aftonished at the magnificence, more than at the visible extent.

Sculpture and painting have their standard in nature. The art of the landscape painter lies in selecting those objects of view that are beautiful or great, providing there be a propriety and a just neighbourhood preferved in the affemblage, along with a careless distribution that solicits your eye to a principal object where it refts; in giving fuch a glance or confused view of those that retire out of prospect, as to raise curiosity, and create in the imagination affecting ideas that do not appear; and in bestowing as much life and action as possible, without overcharging the piece. A landscape is enlivened by putting the animated figures into action; by flinging over it the chearful aspect which the sun bestows, either by a proper disposition of shade, or by the appearances that beautify his rifing or fetting; and by a judicious prospect of water, which always conveys the idea of motion: a few dishevelled clouds have the fame

same effect, but with somewhat less vivacity.

The excellence of portrait-painting and sculpture spring from the same principles that move and affect us in life; they are not the perfons who perform at a comedy or tragedy we go to see with fo much pleasure, but the passions and emotions they display: in like manner, the value of statues and pictures arise in proportion to the strength and clearnefs of the expression of the passions; and to the peculiar and distinguishing air of character. But besides the strict propriety of nature, sculpture and figurepainting is a kind of description, which, like poetry, is under the direction of genius; that while it preserves nature, sometimes in a fine flight of fancy, throws an ideal splendor over the figures that never existed in real life. Such is the

I shall but lightly touch on the taste of personal beauty: it forever approaches

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to fixed determined laws, and yet will not be confined by them. There are no unalterable rules for complexion and form, which affection, and a variation in tafte, will not over-rule: we are more fixed in our sense of the passions. Good-nature, complacency, and greatness of foul, are always pleafing. Impudence, malice, contemptuous pride, and stupidity, are always disagreeable. I have already fufficiently spoken of the universal force of personal elegance; our taste of beauty then is partly determined, and partly changeable. I can now refolve a difficulty that often occurs in our reflections on the tafte of beauty: we all speak of beauty as if it were univerfally known and acknowledged, and yet we find, in fact, that people, in placing their affections, often have very little regard to the common notions of beauty. The truth is, complexion and form being the charms that

that are visible and conspicuous, the common standard of beauty is generally restrained to those external attractions : but fince personal grace and the agreeable passions, although they cannot be delineated, have a more universal and uniform power, it is no wonder people, in refigning their hearts, so often contradict the common received standard. Accordingly, as the engaging passions and the address are discovered in conversation, the attachments of people are generally fixed by an intercourse of sentiment, and feldom by a transient view, except in romances and novels. It is further to be observed, that when once the affections. are fixed, a new face with a higher degree of beauty will not always have a higher degree of power to remove them, because our affections arise form a source within ourselves, as well as from external beauty; and when the tender paffion is at-E 2 tached: tached by a particular object, the imagination furrounds that object with a thoufadd ideal embellishments that exist only in the mind of the lover.

There are few who have not felt the charms of music, and by their fensations acknowledged its expressions to be intelligible to the heart; and yet we are at a loss when we would discover the powers by which it invests and captivates the foul, or the reasons why the tastes of men should be so various on this head. There are the clearest flashes of light breaking through the deepest obscurity; a wellknown and eloquent language conceived in terms that are not understood. we attempt, from the effects of harmony, to catch fome little idea of the unknown powers by which it commands the foul with fuch absolute authority?

nation, but not clear enough to become an object of knowledge. This shadowy beauty the mind attempts, with a languishing curiofity, to collect into a distinct object of view and comprehension; but it finks and escapes, like the disfolving ideas of a delightful dream, that are neither within the reach of the memory, nor yet totally fled. The charms of mufic then, though real and affecting, feem yet too confused and fluid to be collected into a distinct idea. Harmony is often understood by others better than by muficians, who having employed fo much time and pains in the mechanic or practical part, learn by habit to value it, and lay a stress on those dexterities that are only the effects of a ready hand, and which have no real value at all, but as they ferve to produce those collections of found that move the passions: musicians, therefore, should take particular care to preferve.

preferve in its full vigour and fensibility their original natural taste, which alone feels and discovers the true beauty of music.

If Milton, Shakespear, or Dryden, had been born with the same genius and inspiration for music as for poetry, and had passed through the practical part without corrupting the natural tafte, or blending with it a prepossession in favour of the flights and dexterities of hand, then would their notes be tuned to passions and to fentiments as natural and expreffive as the tones and modulations of the voice, in which the music would reflect the thought and be lost in it; so that we should hardly perceive the notes to be different from the idea raifed by the words, and should feel them only by the tumultuous violence and divine mpulf: of the ideas upon the mind. As y per-

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fon conversant with the classic poets, sees. instantly that this passionate power of mufic I speak of, was perfectly understood and practifed by the antients; that the muses of the Greeks always sung, and their fong was the echo of the subject, which fwelled their poetry into enthufiasm and rapture. An enquiry into the nature and merits of the ancient music, and a comparison thereof with modern composition, by a person of poetic genius and an admirer of harmony, who is free. from the shackles of practice, aided by the countenance of a few men of rank, of elevated and true tafte, would probably lay the present half-Gothic mode of music in ruins, like those towers of whose little laboured ornaments it is an exact picture, and restore the Grecian taste of harmony once more, to the delight and wonder of mankind. Undoubtedly there is not a fiddler from Naples to Lapland

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who would not join to oppose an improvement that would put the facred lyre into the hands of men of genius; but as fuch a revolution cannot be expected, till a mufical Vida, and a Leo X. to patronize him, appear in the world, I can only recal you to your own natural feelings of harmony, and observe to you. that its emotions are not found in the laboured, fantaftic, and furprizing compofitions that form the modern stile of mufic; but you meet them in some few pieces that are the growth of wild unvitiated tafte, in the fwelling founds that wrap us in imaginary grandeur; in those plaintive notes that make us in love with woe; in the tones that utter the lover's fighs, and fluctuate the breast with gentle pain; in the noble strokes that coil up the courage and fury of the foul, or that lull it in confused visions of joy: in short, in those affecting

affecting strains that find their way to the recesses of the heart;

Untwisting all the chains that tie The hidden soul of harmony.

MILTON.

While we are making this slight survey of the fine arts, let us observe their relation. You see the ease and propriety which forms the elegance of action, appear again in the beauty of writing, and return anew in painting and statuary; and all the charming sensations they raise awake also in music. Architecture has nothing to do with the passions, but you meet in it the grandeur and simplicity that run through the other sciences.

The human genius, with the best affistance, and the finest examples, breaks forth but slowly, and the greatest men have but gradually acquired a just taste, and chaste, simple conceptions of beauty.

At first the human mind sees but weakly and confusedly, and requires an excess of colouring to catch its attention; in this state it prefers extravagance and rant to justness, a gross false wit to the engaging light of nature, and the shewy rich and glaring to the fine and amiable. This is the childhood of taste; but as the human genius strengthens and refines, it is difgusted with the false and mis-shapen deceptions that pleased it, and rests with pleasure on elegant simplicity, on pictures of easy beauty and unaffected grandeur. In an enlightened age when the tafte of particular persons does not rise above the puerile, then we may pronounce, that nature has formed them without indulgence, and that they are but ordinary weeds of her production.

Having cast an eye on good taste down through its effects, what remains is to go up to the fources of it in the mind, and to attempt to discover the springs of universal beauty.

Personal elegance, in which taste assumes the most conspicuous and fair appearance, consuses us in our enquiries after it, by the quickness and variety of its changes, as well as by a complication that is not easily unravelled. I defined it to be the image and resection of a great and beautiful soul; let us now endeavour to bring into distinct view this internal grandeur and beauty, and explicate the sine composition they form; in short, let us clearly answer this puzzling question, What is the elegance we so much admire, and what are the sources of its attractions?

The first and most respectable part that enters into the composition of elegance,

is the lofty consciousness of worth or virtue, which sustains an habitual decency, and becoming pride.

The fecond and most pleasing part, is a display of good-nature approaching to affection, of gentle affability, and, in general of the pleasing passions. It seems difficult to reconcile these two parts, and in fact it is so; but when they unite, then they appear like a reserved and virgin kindness, that may be won, but must be courted with delicacy.

The third part of elegance is the appearance of a polished and tranquil habit of mind, that softens the actions and emotions, and gives a covert prospect of innocence and undisturbed repose. I will treat of these separate, and first of dignity of soul.

I observed, near the beginning of this Discourse, in answer to an objection you made, that the mind has always a tafte for truth, for gratitude, for generofity, and greatness of foul: these, which are peculiarly called fentiments, stamp upon the human spirit a dignity and worth not to be found in any other animated being. However great and furprifing the most glorious objects in nature be, the heaving ocean, the moon that guides it and casts a softened lustre over the night, the starry firmament, or the fun itself; yet their beauty and grandeur instantly appear of an inferior kind, beyond all comparison, to this of the soul of man. These sentiments are united under the general name of virtue; and fuch are the embellishments they diffuse over the mind, that Plato, a very polite philosopher, fays finely, "If Virtue was to appear in a vifible shape, all men would be enamoured of her."

A mind.

A mind devoid of truth is a frightful wreck; it is like a great city in ruins, whose mouldering towers just bring to the imagination the mirth and life that once were there, and is now no more. Truth is the genius of taste, and makes the difference between false and simple beauty in wit, in writing, and throughout the fine arts.

Generosity covers almost all other defects, and raises a blaze around them in which they disappear and are lost: like sovereign beauty, it makes a short cut to our affections; it wins our hearts without resistance or delay, and unites all the world to savour and support its designs.

Grandeur of foul, fortitude, and a refolution that haughtily struggles with despair, and will neither yield to, nor make terms with, misfortunes; which through through every fituation, repofes a noble confidence in itself, and has an immoveable view to future glory and honour, aftonishes with admiration and delight. We, as it were, lean forward with furprize and trembling joy to behold the human foul collecting its strength, and afferting a right to superior fates. When you leave man out of your account, and view the whole visible creation befide you, you fee feveral traces of grandeur and unspeakable power, and the intermixture of a rich scenery of beauty; yet still the whole appears to be but a folemn absurdity, and to have a littleness and infignificancy. But when you restore man to prospect, and put him at the head of it, endued with the principles of genius and an immortal foul; when you give him a passion for truth, boundless views that fpread along through eternity, and

and a fortitude that struggles with fate, and yields not to misfortunes, then the skies, the ocean, and earth, take the stamp of worth and dignity from the noble inhabitant whose purposes they serve.

A mind fraught with the virtues is the natural foil of elegance. Unaffected truth, generofity, and grandeur of foul for ever please and charm: even when they break from the common forms, and appear wild and unmethodized by education, they are still beautiful, like the uncultivated flowery shrubs planted by the hand of nature in the wilderness. Who sees the headlong and irregular ardor of Telemachus in his friendships, or feelings of diftress, that does not admire him? Every body of true tafte fees that they are pure politeness of heart, and accepts of them as fuch, like bullion, though they want the usual impression of the mode. On the

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contrary, as foon as we discover that outward elegance which is formed by the mode, to want truth, generosity, or grandeur of soul, it instantly sinks in our esteem like counterfeit coin, and we express a reluctant disappointment, like that of the lover in the epigram, who became enamoured with the lady's voice and the softness of her hand in the dark, but was cured of his passion as soon as he had light to view her.

Let us now pass to the most pleasing part of elegance, an habitual display of the kind and gentle passions.

We are naturally inclined to love those who bear an affection to us; from whence it is that politeness always insinuates a regard to others, and an attention to please. The assiduous prevention of our wishes, and that yielding sweetness

ness which complaisance seems to put on for our sakes, are never assumed in vain.

Affability in persons of elevated rank to their inseriors, never fails to win the hearts of the crowd. Cæsar was possessed of extraordinary grandeur of soul, and it was of use to him in extricating him out of difficulties, and in forming vast designs; but if you would discover the charms by which he engaged the affections of the Roman People, and won the empire of the world, you will find them in the beautiful, humane, and gentle portrait drawn of him by Sallust.

The defire of being agreeable, finds out the art of being so without study or labour. Rusticks who fall in love, grow unusually polite and engaging. This new charm, that has altered their natures, and suddenly endued them with the

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powers

powers of pleasing, is nothing more than an enlivened attention to please, that has taken possession of their minds, and tinctured their actions. We ought not to wonder that love is thus enchanting: it is but the natural address of the passion; but politeness, which is an habitual disguise, borrows the slattering form of affection, and becomes agreeable only by the appearance of kindness.

In fhort, complaisance gives an agreeableness to the whole person, and creates a beauty, that nature gave not to the features; it submits, it promises, it applauds in the countenance; the heart lays itself in smiles at your feet, and a voice that is indulgent and tender, is always heard with pleasure.

The last constituent part of elegance is the picture of a tranquil soul, that appears

pears in softening the actions and emotions, and exhibits a retired prospect of happiness and innocence.

A calm of mind that is seen in graceful easy action, and in the enseeblement of our passions, gives us an idea of the golden age, when human nature, adorned with innocence, and the peace that attends it, reposed in the arms of content. This serene prospect of human nature always pleases us; and although it be visionary in this world, and we cannot arrive at it, yet it is the point in imagination we have finally in view, in all the pursuits of life, and the native home for which we do not cease to languish.

It is the sentiment of tranquility that beautifies pastoral poetry. The images of calm and happy quiet that appear in shaded groves, in silent vales and slum-

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bers,

bers, by falling ftreams, invite the poet to indulge his genius in rural scenes. The music that lulls and composes the mind, at the same time enchants it. The hue of this beautious ease, cast over the human actions and emotions, forms a very delightful part of elegance, and gives the other constituent parts an appearance of nature and truth: for in a tranquil state of mind there can be no room for the malevolent passions; and the difinterested views of men in such a state, are generous and elevated. From the combination of these fine parts arise the enchantments of elegance; but the two last are oftener found together, and then they form Politeness.

When we take a view of the separate parts that constitute personal elegance, we immediately know the seeds that are proper to be cherished in the infant mind,

to bring forth the beauteous production. The virtues should be cultivated early with facred care. Good-nature, modest v. affability, and a kind concern for others, should be brought out of the shade; and an easy unconstrained dominion acquired by habit over the passions. A mind thus finely prepared, is capable of the highest lustre of elegance; which is afterwards attained with as little labour as our first language, by only affociating with graceful people of different characters, from whom an habitual gracefulness will be acquired, that will bear the natural unaffected stamp of our own minds: in short, it will be our own character and genius stripped of its native rudeness, and enriched with beauty and attraction.

Nature, that bestows her favours without respect of persons, often denies to the great the capacity of distinguished F 4 elegance, elegance, and flings it away in obscure villages. You fometimes see it at a country fair spread an amiableness over a fun-burnt girl, like the light of the moon through a mist; and such, madam, is the necessity of habitual elegance acquired by education and converse, that if even you were born in that low class, you could be no more than the fairest damsel at the may-pole, and the object of the hope and jealoufy of a few ruftics.

People are rendered totally incapable of elegance by the want of good-nature, and the other gentle passions; by the want of modesty and sensibility; and by a want of that noble pride which arises from a consciousness of lofty and generous fentiments. The absence of these native charms is generally supplied by a brisk stupidity, an impudence unconscious of defect, a cast of malice, and

an uncommon tendency to ridicule; as if nature had given these her step-children an instinctive intelligence, that they can rife out of contempt only by the depression of others. For the same reason it is, that persons of true and finished tafte seldom affect ridicule, because they are conscious of their own superior merit. Pride is the cause of ridicule in the one, as it is of candour in the other; but the effects differ, as the studied pride of poverty does from the negligent grandeur of riches. You will fee nothing more common in the world than for people, who by flupidity and infenfibility are incapable of the graces, commence wits on the strength of the petite talents of mimickry, and the brisk tartness that illnature never fails to supply.

A pleafing conception of grandeur or beauty is the fource of all the delight

light we find in the visible objects of nature, or in the fine arts. But if you ask me what makes visible grandeur and beauty please, I must answer you, that I know not. We are only certain, that the tafte of the beautiful and fublime is uniform and universal in the human breaft; that they are diffinguished with different degrees of clearness, which mark out the different degrees of tafte. Just and perfect taste conceives beautiful and great objects with strength and truth, as a liquid mirror reflects the fkies, the trees, and banks, in their proportions and colours: but genius does fomething more than a mirror; for the mimick ideas of the mind, in feveral instances, catch a morning freshness and lustre from the imagination, which did not come from the external objects. Since the cause of that pleasure we receive from our ideas of the beautiful and the fublime, is fo extremely obscure,

obscure, give me leave to furnish you with a consistent idea of their origin, by way of Fable.

The foul, before its union with the body in which it now dwells, inhabited a world exactly like this we live in, but as much superior to its most charming fcenes, as a rich fummer's prospect to the waste of winter. I will not attempt to paint to you the joys of its happy inhabitants, because we must suppose them vaftly superior to all expression and experience. We must further suppose, that in the banishment of souls into this our world, the actual ideas of their former pleasures are loft, and their former appetites enfeebled and diffracted by the pressure of mifery and want; but when the mind is relieved from care, then it meets with numberless traces, and familiar deceptions, that strike the labouring imagination with

the glimmering ideas of pleasures that cannot be recollected. These images through nature, that warm the mind, give us the idea of Beauty; and the mind that feels them most distinctly, and raifes them in others with the most vivacity by description or imitation, has the best taste. This siction helps us to approach to the nature of good tafte, because it accounts for the rapture, the clearness, and universal approbation of beauty; and at the same time for the obfcurity of the cause: but whether the foul's prepossessions be the faint traces of a former existence, or the infant appetites of future enjoyment, or the caprice of lunatic nature, cannot be determined by weak and short-fighted reason.

The fiction indeed only removes the difficulties back to a former world, but does not explain the origin of the pleafure:

fures that attend the ideas of grandeur and beauty. Let us see then whether those ideas themselves do not by some circumstances reveal the nature of the pleasures they bring along with them.

When we see instances of immense power from which we apprehend no immediate danger, we are struck with a calm awe, with furprize and fuspence. The mind reviews images of grandeur with still amazement: it recoils upon itself, and feels in sentiment this question: "Who is the author of this?" The pleasure then we receive from visible images of grandeur, is formed by a fudden emotion of curiofity, of still awe, and wonder; and we find the union of these passions to be but little distant from devotion. It is with regret I must confess, that our ideas of beauty appear to be wholly

wholly instinctive, and lye not within the reach of human discovery.

I imagine you were defirous before now to ask me, how it comes to pass, since every body has a sense of elegance, and admires the great and beautiful, that so few persons of distinguished elegance or taste are to be met with in the world?

Many people have been of opinion, that a fine tafte, where it exifts, is born with men, and can no more be acquired than the fenfible tafte or smell; but others, observing the vast influence of education in forming the taste, and that in some nations and ages it seems wholly extinguished, and shines forth in others with distinguished splendor, have rather attributed it to judgment modelled by habit and study. Now, madam, I will answer you by reconciling these two opinions,

nions, which have divided the truth between them, and feem to vary only for want of a little explanation.

A tafte for the beautiful and the great is universal, which appears from the uniformity thereof in the most different ages and nations. What was graceful, agreeable, and fublime in Greece and Rome are so at this day, in all nations who have rifen above the darkness of barbarity: but this natural tafte is communicated to different persons with fuch different degrees of light and clearness, that of two persons who have passed through the same course of education, the one shall remain for ever stupid, or not rife above the ordinary level, while his companion shall shine with distinguished lustre; and this shall happen, though the more stupid has been the more laborious and attentive. You fee fome people struggling

fruggling painfully to comprehend very obvious truths, and others, without any labour, glance through the most remote consequences, like lightning through a path that can hardly be traced.

- universal, which docors long the uni-

Persons of this character see the beauties of nature with life and warmth, and paint them forcibly without effort, as the morning fun does the scenes he rises upon. A genuine dunce, whose taste has been improved with judgment; shall fee the beauties of nature, and hover round them; but his descriptions and judgments shall plainly confess the obscurity and imperfection of his natural tafte; however, I must observe, that it seldom happens that dunces are not perverted in their education, for the fame reason that people who fee badly are most apt to go aftray in the twilight.

After night-fall, we have admired the planet Venus; the beauty and vivacity of her luftre, the immense distance from which we thought she twinkled upon us, and the filence of the night, all concurred to strike us with an agreeable amazement. But she shone in distinguished beauty without giving fufficient light to direct our steps, or to shew us the objects around us : we must have the full moon, or the glories of the fun to illumine and direct us. Thus an inferior degree of genius for ever exhibits a fine but imperfect view of the beautiful, the elegant, and fublime; but they are its strongest lights that are requisite to beflow a clear and just taste. In the crowd of mankind, tafte appears faintly, and feems to vanish at times, like the same planet Venus, when she has just raised her orient beams to mariners above the

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waves, which are now descried, and nowloft, through the swelling billows.

Though the light which perceives elegance, beauty, and the fublime, be universal, yet the degree of it which puts them in our possession, and forms genius or personal gracefulness, is the endowment of few, and is not so clear even in men of the greatest parts, but it is obfcured and oppreffed by barbarity and ha-The idea of supreme beauty that has appeared in the world in the funshine of taste, has in dark ages been totally loft; and in its recess, it left inanimate and cold the imagination of poets, painters, and statuaries.

We know not the bounds of taste, because we are unacquainted with the extent and boundaries of the human genius. The mind in ignorance is like a fleeping giant;

giant; it has immense capacities, without the power of using them. By listening to the lessons of Socrates, men grew heroes, philosophers, and legislators; for he, of all mankind, feemed to have discovered the short and lightsome path to the faculties of the mind. To give you an instance of the human capacity, that comes more immediately within your notice, what graces, what fentiments have been transplanted into the motion of a minuet. which a favage has no conception of! We know not to what degree of rapture harmony is capable of being carried, nor what hidden powers may be in yet unexperienced beauties of the imagination, whose objects are in scenes and in worlds we are strangers to. Children who die young, have no conception of the fentiment of personal beauty. We are ignorant whether there be not passions in the foul, that have hitherto remained

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unawaked and undiscovered for want of objects to rouse them: we feel plainly, that some such are gently agitated and moved by certain notes of music. In reality, we know not but the taste and capacity of beauty and grandeur in the soul, may extend as far beyond all we actually perceive, as this whole world exceeds the sphere of a cockle or an oyster.

Let us now confider by what means tafte is usually depraved and lost in a nation. I observed before, that this natural light is not so clear in the greatest men, but it may lie oppressed by barbarity. When people of mean parts, and of pride without genius, get into elevated stations, they want a taste for simple grandeur, and mistake for it what is uncommonly glaring and extraordinary; whence proceeds false wit of every kind, a gaudy richness in dress, an oppression

preffive load of ornament in building, and a grandeur overstrained and puerile univerfally. I must observe, that people of bad tafte and little genius almost always lay a great stress on trivial matters, and are oftentatious and exact in fingularities, or in a decorum in trifles. When people of mean parts appear in high stations, and at the head of the fashionable world, they cannot fail to introduce a false embroidered habit of mind: people of nearly the fame genius who make up the croud, will admire and follow them; and at length folitary tafte, adorned only by noble fimplicity, will be loft in the general example.

Also when a nation is much corrupted; when avarice and a love of gain have seized upon the hearts of men; when the nobles ignominiously bend their necks to corruption and bribery, or enter into the

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bale mysteries of gaming; then decency, elevated principles, and greatness of foul expire; and all that remains is a comedy or puppet-shew of elegance, in which the dancing-mafter and peer are upon a level, and the mind is understood to have no part in the drama of politeness, or else to act under a mean disguise of virtues which it is not possessed of.

Upon putting together the whole of our reflections, you see two different natures laying claim to the human race, and dragging it different ways. You fee a neceffity that arises from our situation and circumstances, bending us down into unworthy mifery and fordid baseness; and you fee, when we can escape from the infulting tyranny of our fate, a generous nature that lay stupified and oppressed, begin to awake and charm us with prospects of beauty and glory. This divine genius gazes

gazes in rapture at the beauteous and elevating scenes of nature. The beauties of nature charm it like a mother's bosom. and the objects which have the plain marks of immense power and grandeur, raise in it a still, an inquisitive, and trembling delight: but it often throws over the objects of its attention colours finer than those of nature, and opens a Paradise that exists no where but in its own creations. The bright and peaceful fcenes of Arcadia, and the lovely descriptions of paftoral poetry, never existed on earth, no more than Pope's shepherds or the river gods of Windfor forest: it is all but a charming illusion, which the mind first paints with celeftial colours, and then languishes for. Knight-errantry is another kind of delufion, which though it be fictitious in fact, yet is true in sentiment. I believe there are few people who in their youth, before they be corrupted

rupted by the commerce of the world, are not knight-errants and princesses in their hearts. The foul, in a beauteous ecstacy, communicates a flame to words which they had not; and poetry, by its quick transitions, bold figures, lively images, and the variety of efforts to paint the latent rapture, bears witness, that the confused ideas of the mind are still infinitely fuperior, and beyond the reach of all description. It is this divine spirit that breathes in noble fentiments, that charms in elegance, that stamps upon marble or canvas the figures of gods and heroes, that inspires them with an air above humanity, and leads the foul through the enchanting meanders of music in a waking vision, through which it cannot break to discover the objects that charm it.

How shall we venture to trace the ob-

ject of this furprifing beauty, peculiar to genius, which evidently does not come to the mind from the fenses: it is not conveyed in found, for we feel the founds of music charm us by gently agitating and fwelling the paffions, and fetting fome paffions afloat, for which we have no name, and knew not till they were awaked in the mind by harmony. This beauty does not arrive at the mind by the ideas of vision, though it be moved by them; for it evidently bestows on the mimic reprefentations and images the mind makes of the objects of fense, an enchanting loveliness that never existed in those objects. Where shall the foul find this amazing beauty, whose very shadow, glimmering upon the imagination, opens unspeakable raptures in it, and distracts it with languishing pleasure? What are those stranger sentiments that lie in wait in the foul, which mulic

music calls forth? What is the obscure but unavoidable value or merit of virtue? or who is the law-maker in the mind who gives it a worth and dignity beyond all estimation, and punishes the breach of it with conscious terror and despair? What is it in objects of immeasurable power and grandeur, that we look for with still amazement and awful delight? But I find, madam, we have been infenfibly led into fubjects too abstruse and severe; I must not put the graces with whom we have been converfing to flight, and draw the ferious air of meditation over that countenance where the smiles naturally dwell.

I have, in consequence of your permisfion, put together such thoughts as occurred to me on good taste. If I have leisure hereaster, I will dispose of them with more regularity, and add any new observation

observation that I may make. Before I finish, I must in justice make my acknowledgements of the affiftance I received. I took notice, at the beginning, that Rollin's Observations on Taste gave occasion: to this discourse. Sir Harry Beaumont's polished dialogue on beauty, called Crito, was of service to me; and I have availed myself of the writings and fentiments of the ancients, particularly of the poets and statuaries of Greece, which was the native and original country of the graces and fine arts. But I should be very unjust, if I did not make my chief. acknowledgments where they are more peculiarly due. If your modesty will not fuffer me to draw that picture from which I borrowed my ideas of elegance, I am bound, at least in honesty, todisclaim every merit but that of copying from a bright original.

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